

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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VOL. XX.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, OCTOBER 16, 1886.

No. 7.

Address from the Minims to Very Rev. Father General.

I.

Once more we hail, with spirits light and gay,
Our well-beloved Founder's festal day!
Joy crowned, time-honored thirteenth of October
Which turns to Spring the Autumn sear and sober;
When Notre Dame's great heart in emulation
Goes out, dear Father, in congratulation;

II.

Goes out to you in reverence as to one
Who, under God, a mighty work hath done
In planting this great monument of learning
For which so many hearts have long been yearning;
For making it an honor to each nation
Whose hope is centred in true Education

III.

But while all share the pleasure, first and least,
Of celebrating your most treasured feast,
St. Edward's Princes, Father, by their name
A *special right* to your grand Patron claim;
Quite sure that on this right none will intrude,
Because so long *unquestioned* it hath stood.

IV.

Hence their rejoicings, in this happy hour
Take full proportions, and receive their power
From reciprocity of deep affection,
Resulting from the intimate connection,
Steadfast, indeed, though affable and pliant,
Between St. Edward's Princes and his client.

V.

This Institution, our dear Father, stands
A Pharos where a treacherous sea expands.
The rays, illuminating all around,
Rise where the Queen of Heaven herself stands crown'd,
And mild reflections of her matchless grace
Enlighten and rejoice full many a place.

VI.

St. Edward's Hall receives the strongest light,
Because the *specula* are there more bright;
There, minds are fresh. No prejudice has made
Upon the plastic surface blot or shade.
Therefore, the rays of purity impart
Their unimpeded brightness to each heart.

VII.

The treacherous sea is Godless education;
The rocks and shoals are youthful inclination.
Our pilot is Saint Edward. He can steer
Our joyous barque from every sand-bar clear;
Can guide our inclinations; can transform
To useful aids the whirlwind and the storm.

VIII.

Dear Father, not alone from our warm hearts
Do festive greetings flow, but from all parts—
From California's gold encirled main
To sunny France and Rome the glad refrain
Of great St. Edward's feast is gaily ringing,
Delight and joy to countless young souls bringing.

IX.

Aye, from each quarter of the glowing earth
Warm greetings come in honor of your worth;
And, though full many thousand miles apart,
A happy feast all wish you with one heart.
Upward to heaven united prayers arise
That God will bless your every enterprise.

X.

The very plants, and parti-colored trees
That lightly answer to the autumn breeze;
The lofty buildings; the majestic halls;
The classic portals; the historic walls,
To-night have voices, eloquent and warm,
That speak to you as from a living form.

XI.

They tell a history sublime and grand,
Which all beholders hear and understand;
Tell of years passed in unrelenting toil,
Since first your footsteps pressed the unbroken soil;
Of days and nights devoted to one aim—
The growth, the influence high of Notre Dame.

XII.

O, what a greeting now they upward send
In acclamations that will never end;
In echoes caught from those which have not ceased
Since the first celebration of your feast!
But the most tender greetings sweetly come
From our celestial Mother on the Dome.

XIII.

Lo! from her airy canopy of light
She wishes you a happy feast to-night.
Well, well she knows the heart that throned her there—
Your generous sacrifice; your ardent prayer;
Your steadfast purpose, Father, to enshrine
In youthful hearts love for her traits divine.

XIV.

Now she rewards you, and her grace is shown
In the rich conquest won beneath her throne.
Our University records this date
As one well worthy to commemorate;
One never paralleled in all her past,
Though wide her influence then, and true as vast.

XV.

Never before was so complete array
Presented to our youth as on this day.
Learning and genius; apparatus rare
Ready to second all their studious care;

And, best of all—our hope in this abides—
The King of kings here dwells and here presides.

XVI.

Now, that God's work no hindrance may impede,
The General Chapter wisely hath decreed
The Mother-House of Holy Cross to stand
All undisturbed in this location grand.
Lo! by this happy triumph o'er the past
New *prestige* round our Notre Dame is cast.

XVII.

This shows, dear Father—since no other Order
Has its grand centre in our Western border—
That God's designs upon this Congregation
Is for its signal, wondrous exaltation.
Think of its growth, since eighteen forty four!
What progress must the future have in store!

XVIII.

God grant, dear Father, that the harvest bring
A fruitage worthy of the bounteous Spring;
That Holy Cross, perfected in her power,
Shall aggregate new graces hour by hour.
For 'tis the order of this age, this nation,
And all our yearning for this aggregation.

XIX.

Had angels spread this present scene to view
That thirtieth of November, forty-two,
How had you, Father, and your pioneers
Looked up to heaven, through floods of grateful tears!
God grant the coming two score years impart
Like answers to the yearnings of your heart.

XX.

May He preserve you in perennial youth
For long, long years, to lead the march of truth;
And of St. Edward's Day grant bright returns,
Here, where the coronal of Mary burns,
A Light House to the wandering; to the true
A consolation—as it is to you.

The Revocation of the Edict of Nantes.

BY REV. S. FITTE, C. S. C.

II.

From what has been said, it is certain that the Huguenots, by their conspiracies and treasons, had made the Edict of Nantes a dead letter. But besides, the text itself contained the germ of its repeal. Says Henry IV in the preamble:

"Now, that it has pleased God to give us the first enjoyment of a better rest, we firmly believe that the best possible use of it shall be to promote His service and the glory of His holy Name by taking all the measures necessary to have Him worshipped and invoked by all our subjects. But since He was not pleased to permit us to do it for the time being in the same religious form, we should all endeavor to have at least one and the same intention."

Louis XIV, seeing that the political strength of Protestantism was completely exhausted, and that the religious question, which alone survived, was settled with a logic unconquerable and a brilliant eloquence by the Catholic controversialists, resulting in the conversion of the most illustrious families, thought the time had come to realize the wish of his grandfather, and, by converting the rest of the Huguenots, to bring back all his subjects to one and the same religious faith.

Two initial measures were taken. In the first place, by withdrawing all the privileges which the Huguenots had gradually usurped, the king obliged

them not to go beyond the limits of the Edict; secondly, by making use of favors or persuasion, he, little by little, curtailed the public exercise of their worship, and frustrated any attempts to spread anew their former doctrines. Elated by the success of these first measures, the king soon became eager to go farther. He positively forbade the practice of the reformed service in all the places where it could possibly be done without exciting resistance and consequently without violence. This was often effected before the Huguenots had made any formal abjuration. Freed from the influence of their own ministers, and from most of their inveterate prejudices, they now enjoyed full liberty, and many of them were induced, without any coercion whatever, to listen to the voice of the Catholic missionaries.

To place within strict bounds the public exercise of freedom of conscience without violating it, or forcing that impenetrable bulwark of the liberty of the soul, as Fénelon used to say, this was the line which Louis XIV did not wish to pass, and which he actually respected as long as he had in Colbert a minister worthy of such a generous design. The events fully justified this first plan of conduct. A great many conversions, lasting because sincere, and sincere because free, followed, which greatly rejoiced the clement and catholic heart of the great king. Not the least complaint came to disturb this satisfaction, and the Revocation had almost been effected before anyone had an idea of its formal proclamation.

But, unfortunately, it happened that a few meddlesome persons, stirred by ambition to the exercise of an indiscreet zeal, became jealous at seeing the great work peacefully accomplished, simply for the sake of truth. Anxious to distinguish themselves and gain the credit of having advanced more speedily the execution of the plan, they resorted to compulsory measures. This new system was personified in Louvois. From the year 1679 he appears to have taken the Huguenots in hand, and begun those strange conversions, through military restraint, the remembrance of which has become permanently identified with the Edict of Revocation.

In virtue of instructions sent by Louvois to the Intendants of provinces, who were naturally inclined to all kinds of arbitrary measures, this political Crusade was inaugurated in many parts of France by quartering troops in Huguenot houses. Still it is certain that this was at first done without the king's knowledge, nay, against his express desire, but under cover of a certain ordinance by which those who were converted should for two years be exempt from military lodging. This royal decree, which made the affairs of the reformed religion depend on the Department of War, soon became in the hands of Louvois a most powerful instrument against the Huguenots.

Such an inhuman policy, however, did not last long. Its victims appealed to the king, who not only listened to their complaints, but, as recorded in Daguesseau's Memoirs, "ordered an end put to those vexations." Moreover, two Intendants, who, wishing to make a show of zeal and piety, had

assumed the singular mission of converting the Huguenots by means of military quartering, were deprived of their office, and Louvois himself was forced to give their acts an official disavowal."

In the year 1682 the celebrated assembly of the clergy threw full light upon the true sentiments which the Catholic Church entertained towards the French Protestants. The impression made on this occasion upon the mind of Louis XIV was very forcibly shown in a letter directed to all the archbishops and bishops of the kingdom, in which, after declaring his entire satisfaction regarding the deliberations of the assembly, he recommended above all "that they should deal gently with those who held the so-called reformed religion; that they should employ only the force of reasoning to bring them back to the knowledge of the true Faith, always avoiding anything contrary to the edicts and decrees in virtue of which their worship was tolerated in the kingdom."

But at the very time that Louis XIV and the French clergy had agreed to the exclusive use of mildness and charity toward the Huguenots, Louvois was doing his utmost for the continuance of brute force, disguising his coercive measures as much as possible, deceiving the king, and urging the almost incredible number of apparent conversions which he was encouraging by all means in his power. Laboring under the delusion that these conversions were sincere, Louis XIV, little by little, succeeded in persuading himself that there were no longer any Huguenots in France, and that the Edict of Nantes, now without an object or reason for its existence, should be repealed.

How far, during these last years so fruitful in conversions which preceded the Revocation, the French king had ignored the nature and consequences of the coercion practised by Louvois in his name, and to what extent he was unwittingly made an accomplice in it, we think it hard to determine with accuracy at this late day. This much, however, may be taken for granted that, seeing the great work of twenty years nearing completion, the Huguenots almost extinct, and conversions becoming daily more numerous, he hesitated not to shut his eyes to the consequences of a temporary shift that would bury past excesses in oblivion and secure a lasting result to present and future conversions.

As a matter-of-fact, many a convert contributed, not less than Louvois himself, to confirm Louis XIV in his error; and to their want of courage or sincerity ought to be ascribed the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. One thing is certain: the Revocation was in no way the fruit of premeditation. It was brought about naturally and gradually, following step by step the conversions, and received its formal promulgation only when the Edict seemed to have become practically null and void. If the Huguenots had not so timidly yielded to the first attempts at restraint, Louis XIV, even Louvois himself, would certainly have been checked from further attacks against the bulwark of conscience. On the other hand, if really convinced by all the motives calculated to make a deep impression upon

fair-minded persons, the Huguenot converts had been sincere in their return to the Catholic Church, an untarnished glory must have crowned, as it were, this laudable enterprise. In either case, Louis XIV would be innocent. He is to be blamed only for being too easily led into the belief that the Huguenots were really conscientious in their declarations; or, perhaps, for not having sufficiently respected the conscience of those who had no respect for themselves.

It is necessary to distinguish two epochs in the compulsory measures taken by the government of the great king toward the Huguenots: the one before, the other after the Revocation. Before the repeal of the Edict constraint was never excessive; no means of intimidation were resorted to which could not be resisted by souls truly firm and unshaken in their convictions. But just at that time conversions everywhere multiplied so rapidly as to render impossible an exact record of their occurrence. What kind of conscience must a people have who could so easily make a sport of Faith and truth, and surrender at the first approach! "Whilst the martyrs of the early ages were humble, docile, intrepid, and incapable of dissimulation, most of the so-called new converts showed but cowardice against force, stubbornness in the face of truth, and readiness to practise all sorts of hypocrisy. If anyone wished to make them apostatize from Christianity and profess the Koran he had but to show them the dragoons."

This is the picture drawn of the French Huguenots by Fénelon, who at that time had them immediately under his eyes. Does it not strikingly recall those refined infidels whom Jurieu described "as heavy with universal toleration and religious indifference?"

But we need not have taken so high or remote a term of comparison as that of the early ages of Christianity; we have another people, living in our own day, whose example suffices to put to shame the persecuted Huguenots of the 17th century—we mean the Irish people. The coercive acts of the French minister, however cruel they might be before the Revocation, have never approached the frightful and long continued violence of the persecution systematically organized against the Catholic Irish nation from the time of Elizabeth down to the present day. Still, at no stage of this long and uninterrupted persecution have we heard of so many or such rapid conversions among Irish Catholics as are mentioned by History in the midst of the Huguenots. The scandal of such conversions is often spoken of and severely criticised; but why is it not also remarked that they were less scandalous by the violence of the persecutors than by the hypocrisy of the converts? Never would Louis XIV, never would Louvois, or any of his co-operators, have pushed the measures to excess had they met with a moral resistance worthy of the primitive Christians. But those strange conversions we read of had anticipated the "dragonnades" ordered by the minister of war, and, in short, the Edict of Nantes had fallen into disuse by the desertion in a body of those whom

the Edict would have protected in the freedom of their consciences.

Far from our intention is it to attempt any justification of the brutal violence that followed the Revocation. As Catholics, we are disinterested in the question. But to be fair, to speak honestly, one must acknowledge that, if Louis XIV knew not how to change for the better a situation which grew more and more complicated on account of the difficulties arising both within and without, the conduct of the Huguenots appears to a great extent to be a legitimate excuse for his having adopted such an unnatural mode of repression.

One thing is certain, and it shows the loyalty and confidence of Louis XIV: the Revocation, far from being the fruit, still less the triumph of violence, was rather an official disavowal and a public condemnation of the partisans of violence. It is customary among critics to represent the Edict as opening an era of persecution and depriving the Huguenots, suddenly and at once, of all their advantages and privileges. This view is correct if we judge from the arbitrary execution which followed the measure; but this was not at all the spirit, nor even the letter of the Edict itself. The truth is that the decree was intended to supplement or conclude naturally the work of conversion which had been going on for a great number of years, being, in fact, the last of successive means gradually used in order to obtain a definitive result. It was, then, simply intended as a declaration of an accomplished fact, or, as Cardinal de Beausset remarks, "the final reduction of all the laws, all the edicts, all the decrees and regulations by which, year after year, and almost day after day, restraints had been placed upon the religious and political constitution of the Protestants in France."

But what is still less known is that the same Edict, far from creating a new situation for the Huguenots, contained a plain, emphatic clause, which solemnly consecrated the principle of freedom of conscience.

"Be it understood by all and everybody, that those who profess the said reformed religion,—until it will please God to enlighten them as well as the others—are permitted to live in the cities towns and hamlets of our kingdom, not less than in all lands and domains of our royal obedience, to continue therein, presently as in the past, their trade and commerce, and to enjoy all their goods, movable and immovable, without being liable to be disturbed or prevented, under the pretext of the reformed religion above mentioned—on the condition, however, that they shall neither assemble, nor hold meetings, nor have any public exercise, nor make any demonstration, even under semblance of prayer or worship of the said religion, of whatever kind it may be—under the above penalties of goods and body."

This last proviso leads us to suppose—in fact we cannot account for it otherwise—that Louis XIV had really been deceived, and knew nothing of the violent manner in which Louvois had obtained so many conversions, or rather had not the least doubt of the sincerity of the converts themselves. If this were not the case, how could he have so emphatically, not only forbidden any violence for the future, but disavowed it in the past also, in the very text of the Revocation? How could he have argued in the supposition that coercion had not

been resorted to, and given as a measure of the toleration guaranteed to the Huguenots not yet converted, the same toleration hitherto granted and enjoyed? If so, then there is no sense in these words of the Edict: "Until it will please God to enlighten them as well as the others." How, in fine, would he have compromitted a work so long continued, or run the risk of losing a result so dearly bought, by submitting the whole plan to the test of liberty, unless he firmly believed that the success was obtained neither by violence nor by hypocrisy? This opinion, most probable in itself, seems to be strongly supported by the following facts: In the first place, it is plain from the very text and terms of the decree that the Revocation, such as it was intended by the king, approved by the whole 17th century and publicly praised by Bossuet, was as much a formal guarantee of freedom of conscience and a check to violence as a satisfaction given the common welfare and public opinion—as understood at that time throughout Europe.

Two facts, in particular, show that the Edict was calculated to prevent coercive measures. The first is that as soon as it was published it was objected to and bitterly opposed by the Intendants, who were in favor of the system imagined by Louvois. The second is that the Edict of Revocation was made a matter of congratulation and an occasion of rejoicing by the Huguenots, who thereby recovered the freedom of conscience of which they had before in a measure been deprived; for, although not allowed to worship in public, all oppression and vexation were forbidden by the royal decree.

The concert of praises which arose from all sides at the promulgation of the official document on the 18th of October, 1685, was disturbed only by the consternation and the spiteful utterances of the persecuting Intendants. "The last clause contained in the Edict of Revocation produced here a great disorder and stopped the conversions," wrote Nicolas Foucault, Governor of Poitou, to his father. And the latter, an old politician and former secretary of the Council of State, replied:

"The last Edict, which repealed that of Nantes, appears to me inopportune and favorable to the interests of the reformed religion. It will be the cause of many relapses, and we shall soon see these apostates shut up in their houses and making themselves the ministers of their own families."

At the same time, the Intendant of Languedoc gave notice that the new converts did not expect such a favor, and that the article of the Edict which forbade disturbing the Huguenots had produced amongst them an excitement which it would take a long while to appease. "The greater part of them," he goes on to say, "have become converts, being under the impression that the king wished to have but one religion in his kingdom. When they saw their mistake, they were grieved at their haste. And this is for the present what keeps them back from the exercises of our religion." In fine, after expressing his opinion in almost similar terms, Marshall de Noailles thus concludes a memoir addressed to Louvois:

"It is certain that the last clause of the Edict, forbidding interference with the partisans of the reformed religion will be the source of great disorder, as it will either stop conversions or force the king not to keep the word he has just given by the most solemn decree which could ever be enacted. On the other hand, the lieutenant of police at Paris ordered the principal merchants among the Huguenots to come together to a meeting, where he confirmed orally all the favorable stipulations contained in the Edict, and assured them that, far from having anything to fear, they should live in complete security."

It is regrettable, indeed, for those gloomy critics who wrongly imagine, and loudly and bitterly complain, that the Edict of Revocation was an unjust and oppressive measure, calculated to terrify the Huguenots, and that Bossuet was singularly cruel in eulogizing it at the funeral of Michael Letellier. These critics must, in spite of their prejudices, give up their erroneous opinion for one entirely different, if they have any respect for historical truth. For we have seen from contemporaneous authors and enemies of the royal decree that the Edict, so often misconstrued and misrepresented in our days, was at the time received by the Huguenots themselves as a measure favorable to the freedom of conscience. Their persecutors, and they only, regretted it and protested against it. Bossuet was therefore fully justified in extolling it as a triumph for charity and the divine meekness of the Catholic Church.

It only remains for us now to show how Bossuet and the other illustrious churchmen of the 17th century, succeeded in upholding and advocating the charitable tolerance inspired by Catholic doctrine against those who had nothing so much at heart as the violation of it for their own selfish ambition, or the sad gratification of a vindictive and unchristian spirit.

(CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.)

College Gossip.

—Work has begun in St. Louis on the grounds for the new university to be conducted by the Jesuit Fathers.

—The "Springer Institute," the Academy for girls, in process of erection in the city of Cincinnati, is expected to be completed in a few months.

—"Ergo," remarked the professor to his class, after a long preamble. "Ergo"—then he stopped to take breath. "Well, let ergo," sang out one of the students, and the conclusion was ruined.—*Campus.*

—Miss Kin Kats is to be sent to this country by the Japanese Government to take a three years' course at a Normal school in Massachusetts. She will be the first Japanese woman educated in this country at the expense of the Government.

—"Now, children," said the teacher of the infant natural history class after the peculiarities of the crab had been discussed, "is there any other member of the animal kingdom that possesses the power to move rapidly backward?"—"Yes," said

one of the most promising of the little scholars, "the mule kin do it."—*Sun.*

—Some person, in advocating a severer discipline in American colleges than the general tendency indicates, says: "Indeed, the absence of government in Michigan University was so notorious that some wag was tempted to say that the University had but two rules: (1) No student shall set on fire any of the college buildings; (2) Under no circumstances shall any student kill a member of the faculty."—*Cornell Sun.*

—The *London Globe*, in speaking recently of the Christian Brothers, made a very ludicrous mistake. "Last night," it said, "over fifty tons of hay and half as much straw were burned, it is believed maliciously, on the premises of the Christian Brothers, in the outskirts of Tralee. Messrs. Christian have charge of an industrial school, in which there are one hundred and thirty inmates. Trades of all kinds, including agriculture, are taught there, and for the purpose of the latter the Order recently purchased a quantity of land in the locality."

—"Who is that?" asked one more bold than the rest, who was for the time under the wing of a senior. He indicated a rather fantastically-dressed young man, who led by a string a meek-looking bull-dog heavily muzzled.—"That's —. He played first base last year, and is one of the best men in college. He's the fellow who led a cow up three flights of stairs in old North Hall and left her there over night. He's a terror to Freshies. Look out for him!"—"Is he smart?"—"Smartest man at college. Way up in base-ball, foot-ball, boxing and jumping. This is his third year in the junior class."—*Ex.*

—It is with pleasure that we note the prosperity and progress of St. Joseph's College, on West Eighth street, this city (Cincinnati), so efficiently conducted by the Fathers of the Holy Cross. This college has grown much in public esteem as the leading business college of the city, whilst the facilities for classical studies cannot be beat. To a thorough English course of study, including the German language, is superadded that of drawing—that invaluable art which is at the foundation of human thought and sentiment, neglected, however, in many more pretentious institutions. The fact that the attendance this year numbers nearly 300 students speaks loudest of the merits of St. Joseph's College.—*Correspondence of "Catholic Columbian."*

—After "Bob" and "Alf," the brother candidates for Governor of Tennessee, finished a discussion of the Blair Educational Bill at Fayetteville, the other day, the ladies of the town presented the Democratic Bob with a fiddle of white roses, inscribed with the legend:—

When Southern women aspire to politics, they
Are held up to derision;
But o'er our children's A B C's
We want no federal supervision.

This may not be in the highest form of poetry, but it is a pretty fair expression of Southern sentiment that commands respect.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, October 16, 1886.

The attention of the Alumni of the University of Notre Dame and others, is called to the fact that the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC has now entered upon the TWENTIETH year of its existence, and presents itself anew as a candidate for the favor and support of the many old friends that have heretofore lent it a helping hand.

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC Contains:

choice Poetry, Essays, and the current Art, Musical, Literary and Scientific Gossip of the day;

Editorials on questions of the day, as well as on subjects connected with the University of Notre Dame;

Personal gossip concerning the whereabouts and the success of former students;

All the weekly local news of the University, including the names of those who have distinguished themselves during the week by their excellence in Class, and by their general good conduct.

Students should take it; parents should take it; and, above all,

OLD STUDENTS SHOULD TAKE IT.

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Address EDITOR NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC,
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Our Staff.

B. T. BECKER, D. G. LATSHAW,
P. VD. BROWNSON.

Founder's Day.

The week just passed has been one of unusual joy and happiness, bringing with it as it did the brightest and most gladsome of Notre Dame's festival days, the patronal festival of the venerated Founder of Notre Dame, Very Rev. Father General Sorin. It has always seemed to us a coincidence, beautiful in itself and worthy of more than passing thought, that this festival should come thus early in the scholastic year and in the delightful month of October. The recurrence of St. Edward's Day in October brings to mind—as it has done to those who for almost a half a century have been our predecessors within the walls of *Alma Mater*—the thought of the mature powers of intellect and the well-directed aspirations of a noble heart that from the very beginning have guided the enterprising spirit of him who laid the foundation and directed the progress of this great establishment of Religion and Education, and that drew to him the hearts of an increasing religious family associated with him in his great and noble work. And now, as has been well expressed, that his head is whitened by the labors of so many years, and he appears among us hale and hearty with the accumulation of the experience and virtues that fill up his grand heart, we see him in the autumn of his life, in the finest part of it, the real October-tide, when the maturity

typified by October, is realized not only in his character, as it was years ago, but also in the rich fruits of his labors: in the flourishing religious societies which he established, in the grand old College he founded, and the numerous schools and academies which directly or indirectly owe their origin to him. Is it not fitting and just that his patronal festival should fall in the month of October?

And what grand and noble thoughts are hereby suggested to the student with which to enter upon the work of the scholastic year! What an encouragement and incentive to prepare well for the proper fulfilment of life's duties does he not find in the example presented by the career of the venerable Father, upon whom all hearts are now centred; how forcibly is the truth brought home to him that persevering industry, unremitting zeal, faithful performance of duty under all circumstances, are rewarded by the successful attainment of the grand object in view, crowned with honor before men, and meriting unending glory in the life to come!

The entertainment presented by the students in honor of the festival will be found described in another column. Here we may refer more particularly to the addresses delivered on the occasion. The three departments were well represented, and the words spoken served to convey the sentiments of affection and veneration for their esteemed Father which every student of Notre Dame cannot fail to possess after a few weeks' sojourn in this favored spot. The Minims, the favorite *protégés* of Father General, had as their spokesman Master J. McIntosh, who was attended by Masters Rodrick Munro and Wallace Williamson. Their beautiful poetic address will be found on our first page. A most pleasing feature of the presentation of the address, and one that called forth the rapturous and prolonged applause of the audience, was the appearance of the two smallest Minims—Masters Jamie O'Neill, the son of the distinguished actor, and Charlie McPhee, of Denver—bearing huge baskets of the rarest flowers, which they presented with all the grace of courtiers. The Junior address was a well-written piece of composition, and delivered by Mr. E. Darragh, in a manner that won for him the highest commendation from all that were present.

The address, by Mr. Chas. Neill, was also excellent in composition and delivery; but, owing to the unfavorable position it occupied on the programme, being assigned the first place, while the audience were still assembling, it was not heard by all. We therefore take the liberty of reproducing here

THE SENIOR ADDRESS.

VERY REV. FATHER GENERAL:

To-morrow morn the bells of Notre Dame, ringing forth a joyous peal, will summon us to celebrate the feast of England's royal saint, the great St. Edward. Within the pale of Christendom there is no nation or people that does not honor as a patron some venerated servant of God. We, of Notre Dame, honoring the patron of her Founder, yearly gather together to celebrate the feast of St. Edward and offer to our venerated Father our tokens of esteem, gratitude and affection.

In the catalogue of England's kings there is no name

more dear to her people than that of Edward the Confessor. Other English monarchs may have surpassed him in war; many have been more skilled in the arts of diplomacy; but few, if any, have contributed in a greater degree to the welfare and happiness of their people, or secured a more lasting and affectionate remembrance. History tells us that long years after his death the minstrel sang his praises, and parents related to their children legends of England's glory, and her people's happiness in the days of Edward; and that, when in after time her people lay heavily burdened and oppressed by the iron hand of the despot, they clamored, not for freedom, but for "the laws of the good King Edward." We honor St. Edward most, not because of his wisdom and prudence, nor for the lasting benefits he conferred upon his people; but because amid the splendor and magnificence of the royal court his purity of heart and humility of soul shone forth with undimmed lustre. Westminster still stands as a memorial of his religious zeal; but the memory of his virtues is his more lasting monument, and one that will endure when his palaces have crumbled into dust, when his laws have passed into oblivion, and the very name of his nation has faded from the earth.

Such, Very Rev. Father General, is the character of your venerated patron; such is the saint whom Notre Dame delights to honor. She has set this day apart as one of joy that she may do honor to her Founder, and that all within her walls may join you in celebrating this your feast-day.

Like your holy patron, you also have erected a monument destined to exist and perpetuate your name when your generation has passed away. The kings of Ancient Egypt have transmitted their names through well-nigh forty centuries by those huge pyramids that stand to-day as mighty monuments of human vanity, as lasting mementos of a benighted age. Though they impress us with awe, as we gaze upon their huge proportions, still the mind, wandering back through the long train of ages that have since elapsed, finds no sublimity in the motives prompting their erection, and we can only regard them as mere monuments of kingly vanity.

But who can look upon the lofty dome of Notre Dame, or contemplate her numerous buildings erected for such a noble object, without experiencing feelings of respect and admiration for her worthy Founder? And if the sight of our *Alma Mater* and the contemplation of her noble work can inspire such feelings in the mere beholder, what must be the love and veneration entertained for her Founder by those who have grown up under her benign influences and who, strengthened and armed by her teachings, have gone forth from these peaceful scenes to fight life's battle amidst the din and strife of the busy world? And what feelings must we have who are now spending the golden hours of our youth beneath her shadow, profiting by her teachings and preparing ourselves for the struggle yet to come! But the salutary influences of your past labors are not confined to Notre Dame. Month after month our *Ave Maria*, going forth as a missionary in the cause of Mary, gladdens the hearts of many thousands devoted to the love of the Immaculate Mother of God. It reaches alike the mansion and the cottage, and there is scarcely a country in either hemisphere into which its teachings do not penetrate. It inspires devotion to Mary in the hearts of youth and brings joy and gladness to those grown old in her service.

As in by-gone days you left the shores of France and, with heart aflame with love of God and burning with zeal for souls, braved the hardships of this Western world to sow the seed of faith, so now are your devoted children continually going forth to labor in new fields for the greater honor and glory of God and the salvation of souls. Each succeeding year finds their sphere of action widening and their zeal increasing. Zealous missionaries of your Order go forth to preach those sacred truths which reclaim the sinner and bring sweet consolation to the burdened heart of the penitent.

There is scarcely a region in our country where devoted members of your Order are not found training youthful minds in institutions devoted to learning and religion.

I will not attempt here to say all things that might be said in praise of your life-work. The institutions you have founded speak your praise more eloquently than any tongue or pen. I have attempted briefly and in a fragmentary manner to point out a few of the principal results of your

past labor; to do full justice to it would be for me a hopeless task.

In the name of the Senior department of Notre Dame, I beg to extend to you our most hearty congratulations on this your feast-day, and to express the fervent wish that for many years to come you may be spared to witness the continued progress and development of your Order and its work.

The programme as carried out at the entertainment will be found entire in our local columns. At the close, Father General made a few appropriate remarks complimentary to those who had figured in the presentation of the exhibition, and thanking all for their presence and kind words of congratulation.

Next day,

THE THIRTEENTH,

opened bright and clear, giving promise of one of those beautiful October days that have made the autumn season the theme of the poet. At eight o'clock, the Community, students and Faculty assisted at the Solemn High Mass celebrated in the Church of the Sacred Heart, by Very Rev. Father General, attended by Rev. Fathers Granger and Walsh as deacon and subdeacon. The rich tones of the venerable Father's beautiful voice filled the large sacred edifice and sent a thrill of devotion through the worshipping listeners. It was a source of joy to many an old friend to hear the clear, strong voice that gives evidence of the health and strength that still remain, despite the years of hard, self-sacrificing labor that have formed the greater part of a long and devoted life. After the Gospel, Father Sorin delivered an eloquent sermon to the students on the Saint of the day, described the glorious model presented to them in the life of St. Edward, and reminded them of the necessity of guarding against being carried along in the current of infidelity that is now sweeping with such velocity over the land. The words of the Very Rev. speaker were listened to with rapt attention and made a deep impression on the minds of his hearers.

Shortly before ten o'clock the members of the Faculty waited upon Father General to present their congratulations upon the recurrence of this happy anniversary. They were represented by Prof. John Fearnly, who spoke in substance as follows:

VERY REV. FATHER GENERAL:

It is with feelings of almost unmingled pleasure that I undertake the duty which devolves upon me this morning of presenting to you, in the name of the entire Faculty of the University of Notre Dame, our congratulations on the Feast-day of your Patron Saint. The pleasure which I experience in performing this duty would be wholly unmingled, were it not for the extreme diffidence which I feel in standing forth here as the representative of the Faculty—being, as I am, almost the youngest in years, and, certainly, the youngest in office, of all the members of that body.

Of the Congregation of which you are the illustrious Head I feel that I am both unworthy and incompetent to speak; but on this University of Notre Dame, which owes its origin to your zeal and labors, I will make a few remarks such as are naturally suggested to me by my brief but delightful experience as a teacher within its walls. It is, I believe, the avowed design of this University that its *alumni* should be taught holiness as well as knowledge, and should be definitely brought up, not only as scholars, but as

Christians. It is a place where, as my short acquaintance with its educational system has conclusively shown me, knowledge is made the handmaid of religion, and each step in the acquisition of learning is a step also in holiness of living and in certitude of faith. If there is any time or place in which we may seem to meet the angels of God on our pilgrimage through life, it appears to me that it is in the midst of a community and within the walls of an institution such as this.

And, addressing you as I do to-day, finding myself face to face with the perpetual benefactor of this Holy Congregation and this famous University, I cannot but pause for a moment to glance at the record of your life,—a life, which, I will make bold to say, has been lived in the sunlight of God's own approving smile; a life which has been spent in the service of education and religion; a life of self-denying duty and heroic faith; a life, which, as it has drawn its strength from holy inspirations, so has spent that strength in untiring service and devotion. I say untiring, for your work did not end with the foundation of this great institution of learning and chief house of your Congregation; countless are the efforts, and successful efforts, which you have made and are still making to develop and widen its sphere of action; countless are the prayers which you have poured forth for it at the foot of the Altar; many are the hours of sleepless thought which you have given to its welfare in the silent watches of the night.

And if this University sends forth, as it does send forth, year by year, young men who are brave because their consciences are clear and their hearts are pure; if, year by year, Notre Dame adds to the life of America her stream of youthful students who are manly and soberminded and fearless and faithful, these, beloved Father General, these are the results, late reaped but long enduring, of all the hardships and all the hazards which you have encountered during your pilgrimage through life.

On you and on this University we would, all of us, invoke God's richest and choicest blessings. May this University which you have founded witness the lasting benefit of ever holier traditions! May it hand on from year to year the ever-brightening torch of knowledge and of truth! May it train up many and many a youthful son who shall be a profitable member of the Church and of this great American Republic; and not this only, but—which shall be for you a far more blessed and enduring crown—many and many, who, whether they prosper on earth or not, shall be partakers hereafter of the immortal glory of the Resurrection to life eternal.

In the name of the entire Faculty of the University of Notre Dame, I beg to offer you our heartiest congratulations on this auspicious day—the Festival of your Patron Saint.

Father General replied in most fitting terms, after which all adjourned to the lake to witness the boat-race—which event, as well as other festivities of the day, will be found graphically described by our interesting writer on "Timely Topics."

Owing to the great pressure on our columns this week, we have been obliged to defer until our next a detailed report of all the field-sports, which occupied the afternoon of St. Edward's Day. But they all contributed their share towards the happiness and joy which the annual recurrence of this day ever brings with it to the inmates of Notre Dame.

We, of the SCHOLASTIC, would respectfully add our own congratulations to the many of which Very Rev. Father General has been the recipient, and we earnestly hope that for many a year to come this festival will continue to be the *gala* day of our *Alma Mater*, with the venerable Founder still in the enjoyment of health and vigor to wisely counsel and direct the widely extending success of the noble and far-famed institution—great Notre Dame, the Queen of the West.

Timely Topics.

CELEBRATION OF ST. EDWARD'S DAY.

We feared that the hot spell in the beginning of this week would prove a backset to the entertainment Tuesday afternoon and reduce the attendance to a low ebb. But we were mistaken. The audience which greeted the Euglossians was not only large, but select and fashionable; and, if we may judge from the liberal rounds of applause, thoroughly appreciative. The entertainment was one of which all concerned might well be proud. It proved that, though some of our best actors and musicians have left, there is sufficient good material remaining to keep up Notre Dame's high standard of entertainments.

The first part of the programme was literary and musical. The former may be summed up in a few words: Messrs. Chas. P. Neill, of the Seniors, Edward Darragh, of the Juniors, and Master James McIntosh, of the Minims, read addresses of congratulation. The keynote of all of them was the profound love and respect the boys bear the Rev. Father Sorin, whose patronal feast they were to celebrate the following day. It was not our pleasure to hear Mr. Neill's address, but we have heard from different directions that it was a very clever piece of work, remarkable, especially, for the great delicacy and tact he revealed in congratulating Father Sorin on the marvellous success that has crowned his life's great work—the founding and elaboration of Notre Dame.

The "Sleeping at the Switch" is a stirring little sketch, striking in more than one particular, and affording great scope for clever by-play and effective gesticulation. It is safe to say that but few who have merely read the poem have ever extracted any considerable portion of the spirit and tender pathos that it revealed under the masterly personation of Mr. Don Latshaw.

The musical portion of the affair is worthy of special and very emphatic praise. "Old-timers" all say that it was more thoroughly enjoyable than anything that was offered for years. The Orchestra was composed of the cream of Notre Dame's musicians, many of whom are masters on their instruments. The first number on the programme was an overture from the "Bohemian Girl." The audience, during its delightful interpretation, was a study. They applauded the selection vociferously, but Prof. Kindig was implacable and would not grant an *encore*. The next important number was the "Huntsman's Farewell," which was sung with beautiful effect by Messrs. McDermott, McFarland, Jewett and O'Kane. The Barcarole "Friendship" was admirably chosen to display the sweet, sympathetic voices of Masters McFarland and Devine and the astonishingly capable manner in which they control them. The duett "Concertante" was a rich delicacy for the musical palate. It abounds in intricate and confusing movements. We were not surprised at the perfect ease with which Prof.

Kindig rendered them, but we were surprised at young M. Falter's reading of his difficult score.

The eclipsing event of the entertainment was the court scene from the "Merchant of Venice." The excellence that characterized its rendition made its possible triteness a matter of utter indifference. The difficult *rôle* of Shylock was interpreted by Mr. B. T. Becker. His conception of the part was not only that of a sordid, revengeful Jewish usurer gloating over the terrible penalty he anticipates to inflict upon his bankrupt debtor, but also that of an exponent of the despised mediæval pariahs "craving the law" in a Christian court. Accordingly, he at times grew almost pathetic enough to touch the sympathies of his audience, especially when he found himself baffled by a small subterfuge and miserable piece of pettifoggery of the disguised Portia, and slowly tottered out of court, faint and stunned, the bitter scorn and sarcasm of Gratiano still ringing in his ears. Mr. Latshaw's chief power in the *rôle* of Portia, as well as other *rôles* we have seen him in, lies in his naturalness, in the utter absence of all extravagance and straining for effect, and the exquisite pathos he embodies in his every word and action. He was a little too tall for Portia; but his experience and skill as an actor atoned for this most admirably. The part of Antonio, the hapless merchant, was well suited to Mr. John Kleiber's gifts as an actor, and his personation was one that any person of culture might have enjoyed and any admirer of acting appreciated. As Bassanio, Mr. C. J. Stubbs essayed a *rôle* worthy his fine elocutionary powers. His conception of the part was well rounded, and his action free and finished. Mr. C. Houck rendered his part of Gratiano quite effective, and showed himself well capable of all the stinging irony and blunt sarcasm it called for. His characterization, though, was slightly marred by the consciousness he displayed that he was under the eyes of an audience. Mr. John Wagoner, as the "Duke of Venice," was fairly satisfactory. He would have been wholly so, had he been a little better able to conceal his identity. It must be taken into consideration, however, that this was the first time that he has acted one of the more important characters. The remaining parts of the Clerk and the Secretary were subordinate, and were adequately filled by Messrs. M. Mulkern and J. Cusack.

The play was mounted with care and commendable attention to historical correctness in the details of the costumes.

* *

St. Edward's Day opened royally and departed royally. A glorious sunshine sent many-tinted shafts through the superb window of our church, when the Very Rev. Father Sorin celebrated solemn High Mass, and made things bright and cheerful throughout the day for the large throngs of visitors from the Bend and other cities who came to witness the games and sports of

FIELD DAY

at our University. Field Day! how interesting a day it is in all its details! To see Notre Dame in

full-fledged glory, one should be there on that day. Everything excitement, display, amusements, sociability exists then in the superlative only. Cozily nestled on the north end of St. Joseph's Lake stands the Lemonnier Boat-House, so closely interwoven with the records of our college sports. From its platform a landscape view of exceeding prettiness greets the eye of the beholder.

THE LAKE

and surroundings usually are the picture of quiet and repose; but on the thirteenth they exhibited an animated, noisy scene as the large numbers of Fathers, Brothers, ladies and gentlemen, and the entire lot of the students assembled there to witness the boat-race between

MR. B. T. BECKER'S "BLUES" AND MR. G. CRAIG'S "REDS."

At ten o'clock, the oarsmen in suits of glowing red and loud blue were seen coming down the hill. They disappeared in the boat-house, or mingled with the groups, prognosticating victory for their crew, securing advantageous positions for their friends, and hugely enjoying the admiring glances their suits and athletic, well-developed forms attracted.

At 10.15 a dollar tossed by Miss Becker, of Chicago, decided the courses to be rowed by the crews. The "Blues" were the first to lift their long slim barge into the water. Captain Craig, with his mephistophelian-looking "Reds," followed immediately after. A short preliminary pull was taken up the lake to loosen the joints and stimulate the muscles. At 10.30 sharp the Commodore Prof. J. Ewing, and the referee, Rev. Father M. Regan, were rowed in a line with the two buoys. "Are you ready?" it came from the referee. "Ready!" sang out Cartier, from the "Evangeline," and "You bet!" chimed in O'Donnell, from the "Minnehaha." A few moments of anxious suspense, and the word "Go!" gave the signal for the start. Both crews at once struck up a veritable Maud. S. gait, the "Blues" leading off with forty-two strokes in a minute, and the "Reds" with thirty-nine. Both crews did beautiful work, feathering and burying their blades in perfect style, and putting the muscle and grit into the contest as if every man were indeed determined to win that race, snap an oar, or pull himself in two. "Go it, Blues! They're ahead of ye!" and so it was. The boats were apart after the first twenty seconds. The dismal news from the shore roused the "Blues" to renewed efforts, and stroke after stroke they gained inch by inch. Their bow once more lapped the stern of the "Reds" boat, when O'Donnell lustily shouted: "Now for a spurt, boys!" It was surprising to see the pluck with which his boys made the spurt, and once more forged ahead. They began swinging around their upper buoy, first slowly and laboriously. Now was a chance for the "Blues" to catch up, and they stroked it with a desperate effort. "Turn!" and around they bowed, in splendid style, coming out almost simultaneously with their rivals amid redoubled cries of "Hit her up, 'Blues!'" "Go it,

'Reds!'" that were vociferated from the shore.

The "Minnehaha" then began to forge ahead again, slowly but surely. The "Blues" were getting winded, and could not maintain their fast stroke. They lost inch after inch, foot after foot. A dozen strokes sent the victorious crew across the line, amid deafening shouts and applause. The oarsmen, completely blown out and fatigued, were assisted out of their boats, and mingled with the dispersing crowds, to receive congratulations or expressions of condolence as the case might be.

"What's the matter with the Blues?" was asked from all directions. "Don't know! Can't understand it." "Luck, all luck!" "Nonsense! too quick a stroke 'jonahed' that race for them!" "Crooked course!" and so on. The fact remains, however, that the "Blues," whom the college public generally expected to come out ahead, and who themselves anticipated to paddle away from the other men, were fairly and squarely beaten. The prophets received a set-back as rough as was the Wiggins, and will in future similar occasions probably wait till the affair is over and then say "Didn't I tell you so?" The "Blues" felt blue and looked purple streaks of disappointment when they showed up; but otherwise took the defeat very gracefully and philosophically, thinking that it is with boat races as with everything else. The expectations of yesterday are blasted by the fruitions of to-day!

At twelve, the Faculty, visitors and students regaled themselves at the great banquet.

FIELD SPORTS

in the afternoon, occupied the attention and interest of all.

T. Mathers carried off the gold medal for the mile-race. Time, 5 minutes, 29 seconds. J. Ley, 2d prize; J. Ford, 3d prize.

FIRST 100-YARD DASH:—1st prize, gold medal, J. Waggoner, in 11 secs.; 2d prize, R. Raynor; 3d prize, E. Prudhomme.

SECOND 100-YARD DASH:—1st prize, gold plated silver medal, D. Quill, in 11 secs.; 2d prize, P. Prudhomme; 3d prize, H. Dorsey.

THIRD 100-YARD DASH:—1st prize, silver medal, S. Dorsey; 2d prize, A. Archambault; 3d prize, W. Rudd.

THROWING LIGHT WEIGHT:—1st prize, gold pen and holder, E. Coady, 34 ft., 5 in.; 2d prize, F. Jordan; 3d prize, F. Suing.

THROWING HEAVY WEIGHTS:—1st prize, gold pen and holder, F. Fehr, 24 ft., 3 in.; 2d prize, A. Cooper, 22 ft., 7 in.; 3d prize, W. Murphy, 22 ft., 5 in.

STANDING JUMP:—1st prize, gold pen and holder, A. Cooper, 11 ft., 2 in.; 2d prize, F. Rielly, 10 ft., 9 in.; 3d prize, F. Fehr, 10 ft., 7 in.

THROWING BASEBALL:—1st prize, gold pen and holder, A. Cooper 359 ft., 10 in.; 2d prize, E. Benner, 315 ft., 5 in.; 3d prize, J. Cusack, 312-8.

THREE-LEGGED RACE:—Prize, box of cigars, F. Baca and M. Marx.

HIGH JUMP:—1st prize, gold pen and holder, F. Rielly, 4 ft., 10 in.; 2d prize, J. Ley, 4 ft., 8 in.; 3d prize, E. Benner, 4 ft., 7 in.

HIGH KICK:—1st prize, gold pen and holder, P. Prudhomme, 8 ft., 6 in.; 2d prize, A. Cooper, 8 ft., 4 in.; 3d prize, F. Fehr, 8 ft.

RUNNING BROAD JUMP:—1st prize, gold pen and holder, A. Cooper, 17 ft.; 2d prize, H. Dorsey, 16 ft., 3 in.; 3d prize, F. Rielly, 16 ft., 2 in.

HOP, SKIP, AND JUMP:—1st prize, gold pen and holder, A. Cooper, 39 ft., 1 in.; 2d prize, F. Rielly, 38 ft., 7 in.; 3d prize, H. Dorsey, 37 ft., 9 in.

SACK RACE:—1st prize, gold pen and holder, F. Baca; 2d prize, F. Rielly.

Mr. A. Cooper's brilliant record is worthy of special mention in this connection. The game of baseball had to be postponed on account of lack of time.

Some of the spectators, observing the variety of our College athletics and the profound and general interest taken in them by the students, may have been led to the belief that Notre Dame, like some of the large Eastern universities, permits her students to make their sports, at certain seasons at least; subservient to their athletics. This would be a grave mistake. In absolutely no case are they allowed to interfere with the regular routine duties of the day. We have all the important college athletic organizations here, but if anything they advance rather than lower our standard of scholarship. After a pull on the lake, a good game of ball, a hot tussel with the football, a few twists and flings across the bars, the boys return to their scholastic duties with a new vigor born of the pleasant excitement and the subtle electricity of pure country air.

BEC.

Books and Periodicals.

IN BOHEMIA: By John Boyle O'Reilly. Boston: The Pilot Publishing Co., 597 Washington Street.

Not the Bohemia famous for the Battle of Prague, of piano notoriety, some half century ago; nor even Shakspeare's Bohemia, provided kindly with a sea-coast to straighten out the plot of the "Winter's Tale," but a Bohemia worthy to be the Fatherland of Shakspeare himself, the mystic dwelling-place of authors and artists:

"The scholar first, with his book—a youth
Aflame with the glory of harvested truth;
A girl with a picture, a man with a play,
A boy with a wolf he has modelled in clay;
A smith with a marvellous hilt and sword,
A player, a king, a ploughman, a lord."

Such the denizens of this fairy land, according to our poet, who has best described the land where poets love to dwell. It is only one of many gems the little book contains. Songs of another Fatherland, Erin, for whom our author has done and suffered more than many others of her sons, who write and speak so beautifully about her. Songs of his adopted Fatherland; poems read at military celebrations; dirges for national heroes; "songs that are not sung;" lays of the affections, very little, however, that can be called erotic, or even Moore,

ish. Philosophic reflections of a hopeful character embodied in rhyme, of which the best is "A Builder's Lesson," which is almost too good to be true. Then there are spicy little epigrams scattered through the volume. The commendations the work has received on all hands render our addition to them a privilege to us in the bestowal. The little book has but one fault—its small size; but small as it is, it goes far to confute the rash assertion in regard to the poets of America, made at certain Commencement Exercises not a thousand years ago. And we have no doubt that he who made that assertion will be only too glad to see it disproved.

Personal.

—Scott Ashton (Com'l), '70, is now a leading lawyer at Leadville, Colo., and meeting with gratifying and well-deserved success in the practice of his chosen profession.

—A most welcome visitor to the College during the week was Rev. D. A. Clarke, '71, the esteemed Rector of Holy Family Church, Columbus, O., including with this charge the spiritual direction of the Convent of Good Shepherd, and the Hawkes Hospital, conducted by the Sisters of Holy Cross. Father Clarke's many friends at Notre Dame were pleased to meet him.

—James J. Wilson, of '71, passed a few days at the college during the week, and was warmly welcomed by many old friends. Mr. Wilson is now engaged in a flourishing business at Trenton, N. J., and meeting with that success which his genial manners and marked abilities so well deserve. All his friends were pleased to meet him as well as to learn of his success.

—Sidney C. Ashton, of '70, is the Manager at Leavenworth, Kansas, of the great New York Mercantile Agency of R. G. Dun & Co. In a letter recently written to his cousin in the Senior department he speaks of the happy memories retained of Notre Dame, and says:

"It has been many years since I was at Notre Dame, but I can plainly see it now as it appeared then, and my recollection brings to mind the fact that it is a superior institution for young men verging into manhood. My advice to you is to finish your education there. And after you have taken a complete course, you will be able to go out into the world and successfully engage in any branch of business where an education is essential to success."

—Among the visitors in attendance at the celebration of Founder's Day were: Mr. and Mrs. Leander Verlage and Miss Lotty Becker, Col. and Mrs. J. D. Bingham; Chicago; Jacob Wile, Laporte, Ind.; Matt. Ewing, Ottawa, O.; J. M. Greene, '75, Wappello, Ill.; John G. Hoffman, Wheeling, W. Va.; W. C. Walsh, R. A. V. Wilbanks, Charles F. Cooke, Wm. Weadley, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. John O'Connor, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Langan, Lima, O.; B. Eisenhauer, Huntington, Ind.; J. B. Lane, Rockford, Ill.; Henry T. Mullen, Mr. and Mrs. James Sullivan, John Inderrieden, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Toolen, Mrs. W. F. Brabrook, Miss Brabrook,

Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Rhodus, Savanna, Ill.; Jas. Connor, Evanston, Ill.; and many others whose names we did not learn.

—Among the visitors during the week were: Rev. A. L. Berzeron, Chicago; Rev. G. Geroin, Quebec, Canada; Mrs. T. Hutchinson, Mrs. V. Kearney, Miss McKay, Mr. N. Rousseau, Mr. J. A. Bull, Mrs. F. Austin, Miss Austin, Mr. J. Walker, Chicago, Ill.; Col. J. B. Fuller, U. S. A., Mrs. J. B. Fuller, Marysville, Cal.; Mrs. J. O'Neill, New York City; Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Griffith, Miss E. Smith, Miss B. Smith, Milton, Mich.; Mrs. E. L. Persels, Beloit, Wis.; Mrs. A. B. Perry, Eau Claire, Mich.; Mr. A. C. Burke, Jr., Berrian Springs, Mich.; Miss R. Burke, Niles, Mich.; Mr. A. H. Markly, Logansport, Ind.; Mrs. M. G. Baen, Dayton, Ohio; Mr. and Mrs. N. A. Wynn, Stryker, Ohio; Mr. Arthur Kroeger, Cincinnati, O.; Mrs. D. Coghelin, Toledo, Ohio; Mr. M. W. Eagan, Independence, Iowa; Mrs. D. W. Coover, Goshen, Ind.; Mr. J. Meehan, Covington, Ky.; Mr. A. A. Gordon, Scott City, Kansas.

Local Items.

—Founder's Day.

—Honorable Judge!

—Reform is in the air!

—We hope to present next week a full report of all the proceedings on Field Day.

—The engineering of the cement walk between the Steam House and the College was not as skillful as it might be.

—Never in the history of Notre Dame did such a large number of students celebrate the feast of St. Edward as on this occasion.

—The Faculty are all inclined to favor the "Reds" rather than the "Blues." They think U R is more grammatical than U B.

—One of the baskets of fragrant flowers presented to the venerated Founder on his Patron Festival was the gift of Mr. and Mrs. J. Wile, of Laporte.

—No boys at Notre Dame enjoyed the "great day" so much as the Minims, judging from the interesting scenes their campus presented during the day.

—The "Roll of Honor" is immense this week. Just look at it! If things keep on this way, we shall have to issue a Supplement. But—"nothing like it"!

—A number of friends presented Father General with a handsome new buggy and a fine set of harness, in token of kind remembrance on his festival day.

—"Why, ma! I do declare I've got a new bile on the back of my neck!"

—"Yes, my dear, that is to be expected. You are now at the nubile age."

—The splendid music, vocal and instrumental, at the exhibition on Tuesday afternoon leaves

but the two things now wanting to fill our cup of happiness—the formation of the students' choir, and the introduction of the electric light into the Printing Office.

—The weather on Wednesday—St. Edward's Day—was all that could be desired. Thursday it blew "great guns" all day, with intermittent showers by way of variety. Friday, the extra "rec" day, was fine and clear. And thus were our prognostications of last week fulfilled.

—The delicate cut flowers, tea-roses, heliotropes, jasmines, dahlies, carnations, etc., which decorated the High Altar and the statue of St. Edward on the 13th, were presented by Mrs. Clement Studebaker, as a significant expression of the sentiments of esteem and affection in which Father Sorin is held by the family.

—Speaking of the entertainment on the eve of St. Edward's Day, the *South Bend Register* says:

"The music was exceptionally fine, both as to character and rendition. In the play, Mr. Latshaw, as "Portia," deserves especial commendation for the excellent and graceful manner in which he acted his part and the aptness and distinctness of his speech. The part, of "Shylock" was well executed by Mr. Becker. Messrs. Kleiber and Stubbs did their parts most creditably."

—The "Aëryodites" have been formally established. The object of this select body is to render still more agreeable, if possible, the leisure hours of recreation by classic amusements and cultured pleasures. At a recent meeting, the following appointments were made: S. C. Voorhees, Chief Dignitary; J. V. O'Donnell, Assistant Chief; W. D. Lally, Society Attorney; F. L. Jewett, Musical Director; A. McFarland, Comedian; G. F. Sullivan, Sergeant-at-Arms; G. Crilly, Porter; A. Gordon and L. Bolton, Common Ordinaries.

—St. Edward's Hall—the "Palace of the Princes"—was beautifully and artistically decorated in honor of St. Edward's Day. The front of the building presented a gay appearance with its manifold wreaths of evergreen variegating the rich festoons with which it was covered; while over the arch of the main entrance were the words SALVE PATER, formed of evergreen and natural flowers, in honor of the revered patron whose name-day was being celebrated. High over all floated in the breeze the French, American, and Papal flags, fittingly inspiring sentiments patriotic and religious. Altogether, the decorations were tasteful and appropriate, attracting the attention and admiration of the many friends and visitors who thronged the premises throughout the day.

—A few fortunate listeners had a rare musical feast spread before them after supper on St. Edward's Day. Mr. Austin, from Chicago, hid among the pine trees a few hundred yards down Notre Dame Avenue, played a number of his choicest selections. The night was a balmy one, and as the tones of his cornet, soft, subdued, with thrilling, penetrative sweetness, suddenly bursting forth in full rich splendor, again low and plaintive, were wafted through the stilly air, the audience on the front door steps listened entranced. His last *pianissimo* tones had scarcely died away, when other tones,

as sweet as the first, were heard from over Science Hall. Prof. Kindig was there with his saxophone. Melody after melody now permeated the moon-lit air, penetrating into the various buildings whose occupants, one after the other, threw open their windows and listened and applauded. Touching German ballads, our national airs, bits of light French rhapsodies were intermingled with high-sounding *arias* from grand opera, calling forth rapturous expressions of delight from the grateful listeners.

—The following articles have been placed in the Bishops' Memorial Hall: manuscript of the oration delivered at Notre Dame by Bishop Spalding, June 1886; two letters written by Bishop Neraz and three by Bishop Dubuis, presented by Rev. Father Spillard; mitre, sandals, soutane and crosier used by Rt. Rev. Mgr. Luers, first Bishop of Fort Wayne; mitre, sandals, mozetta and cincture used by Rt. Rev. Mgr. Rappe, first Bishop of Cleveland; Bishop Rappe's beretta presented by Mother Stanislaus; two letters written by Bishop de St. Palais, of Vincennes, and one by Bishop Duggan, of Chicago, presented by Prof. Ackerman; three letters written by Bishop, presented by Rev. Father L'Etourneau; interesting document written by Bishop Barega when a missionary at Grand Rapids, 1834; two documents written by Mgr. Réze, first Bishop of Detroit, presented by Warren Cartier; Photograph of Pius IX and all the Cardinals of the last year of his Pontificate, presented by Henry Johnston; lock of Archbishop Purcell's hair, presented by Rev. M. Ursula.

—At the Forty-Third Annual Celebration of St. Edward's Day—Patronal Festival of Very Rev. Edward Sorin, Superior-General of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, and Founder of Notre Dame—by the Euglossian Association and the Musical Societies, on Tuesday, Oct. the 12th 1886, at 4:30 p. m., the following was the

PROGRAMME:

Overture—Duet from "Bohemian Girl"—"The Secret of her Birth" (*Balfe*).....University Orchestra
Address from the Senior department.....Chas. P. Neill
Quartette—"Huntsman's Farewell".....*Mendelssohn*
By the St. Cecilia Quartette Club—Messrs. McDermott, McFarland, Jewett, O'Kane.
Address from the Junior department.....Edward Darragh
Barcarole—"Friendship".....*Ehrenfechter*
Messrs. McFarland, Devine.
Personation—"Sleeping at the Switch"....D. A. Latshaw
Symphony—"Concertante".....*Chas. Ducros*
Prof. Kindig, M. Falter.
Address from the Minim department.....James McIntosh

COURT-SCENE FROM THE "MERCHANT OF VENICE."

Dramatis Personæ.

Antonio, the Merchant of Venice.....J. I. Kleiber
Bassanio his Friend.....C. J. Stubbs
Duke of Venice.....Jno. Wagoner
Shylock.....B. T. Becker
Portia.....D. A. Latshaw
Gratiano.....G. Houck
Nerissa.....M. Mulkern
Salarino.....L. Grever
Secretary.....J. Cusack
Officers of the Court and other Attendants.
Trio—"O Restless Sea!".....*C. A. White*
Messrs. G. O'Kane, F. Jewett, W. Devine.

Closing Remarks.....Very Rev. Father General
Grand March.....N. D. U. C. B.

—It was the pleasure of a representative of *The Times* to join with many other South Benders and residents of other places and be present at Notre Dame yesterday afternoon and evening to witness the exercises attendant upon the Forty-Third Annual celebration of St. Edward's Day, by the Euglossian Association and the musical societies of that splendid Institution of learning. It is the patronal festival of Very Rev. Edward Sorin, Superior-General of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, and is one of Notre Dame's most enjoyable and elaborate celebrations, that forty-three annual observances have given a character rarely possessed by events of that kind. The exercises were begun in the magnificent Washington Hall, which was crowded with delighted and interested spectators, who were given a musical, literary and dramatic treat such as a University with the number of talented students possessed by Notre Dame can alone succeed in presenting for the edification of those who attend. We do not pretend to enter upon a detailed description of the magnificent performance given on that occasion. As especially worthy of individual mention may be noted the overture—duet from "Bohemian Girl"—"The Secret of Her Birth," which was rendered in a splendid manner by the University Orchestra, whose efforts were most enthusiastically received. The St. Cecilia Quartette Club sang in a most pleasing manner "The Huntsman's Farewell," by Mendelssohn; while Edward Darragh's address from the Junior department may be mentioned as a particularly good effort. The duet, "Friendship," sung by Messrs. McFarland and Devine, brought forth the most enthusiastic applause of the evening. The young men are possessors of splendid voices, and well deserved the applause they received. Another very meritorious number was the symphony, "Concertante," by Prof. Kindig and M. Falter, which was received with much favor by the audience. In the course of this programme the Very Rev. Father Sorin was very handsomely remembered by the Minims with some fine floral offerings. It was not our pleasure to witness the presentation of the court scene from the "Merchant of Venice," but all who saw it are enthusiastic in their praises of the dramatic talents of the young actors. This year's celebration of St. Edward's Day was certainly a grand success.—*South Bend Times*.

—This, the 13th of October, is St. Edward's Day at Notre Dame, the patronal festival of its venerable Founder, Very Rev. Edward Sorin, Superior-General of the Congregation of the Holy Cross. It has been zealously observed by the Faculty, students and Community at the College annually on this date for the past forty-three years, and is always the first important event of the scholastic year. The day is given up to recreation and field sports, as well as entertainments of a high intellectual character, in honor of the much beloved Father Sorin, who, bearing his burden of more than three score and ten years lightly, is still at the head of the great institution which he founded in the wilderness

nearly a century ago, and is receiving the congratulations of his hosts of friends on every hand. The celebration of the great day began last evening with an entertainment in the Academy of Music at the University, by the Euglossian Association and musical societies. The Academy was filled with an audience composed of the students in all the departments, the Faculty of the College, and many visitors from this city and elsewhere. Father Sorin occupied the seat of honor fronting the stage, with President Walsh by his side. The exercises opened at 4.30 o'clock with an address from the Seniors by Charles P. Neill, excellently delivered. This was followed by an overture from the "Bohemian Girl" by the University Orchestra, led by the new director of music, Prof. Kindig, a talented young German. The Orchestra is in splendid shape this season, and the rendering of this overture was admirable, receiving a round of hearty applause from the audience. Next came "The Huntsman's Farewell," by the St. Cecilia Quartette Club, Messrs. McDermott, McFarland, Jewett and O'Kane, who sang nicely. This is a new organization under Prof. Kindig's charge, and promises well. The young men have excellent voices and make good harmony. After this the Junior department presented their compliments to Father Sorin in a neat address, read in a clear, distinct voice by Edward Darragh. A duett, "Friendship," was nicely rendered by Messrs. McFarland and Devine with piano accompaniment, which was followed by an excellent recitation of the somewhat dramatic poem, "Sleeping at the Switch," by D. A. Latshaw, and a violin duett by Prof. Kindig and M. Falter. Then the Minims—Father Sorin's little princes and his favorites among the students—presented him with a poetical address through Master James McIntosh, who read it in a clear-sounding voice and with fine expression. When he stepped from the stage to deliver the manuscript into Father Sorin's hands, as is the custom with all such complimentary addresses, he was accompanied by two diminutive Minims who carried two baskets of flowers, nearly as large as themselves, which they laid at the good Father's feet, amid thunders of applause. The next thing on the programme was an act from Shakspeare's "Merchant of Venice," the court scene. The stage setting of this act was fine, the costumes rich and appropriate, and the acting of the young men very good; but if we may be allowed a little friendly criticism, their articulation in rendering the lines of this master work of the great dramatist, was faulty, the audience on the sides and in the rear part of the hall being able to distinguish only now and then a word. The entertainment closed with a good rendering of White's trio, "O, Restless Sea!" by Messrs. O'Kane, Jewett, and Devine, and a few happy remarks from Father Sorin.—*South Bend Tribune*.

THE UMPIRE.

The ball and bat are put away,
Ceased is the long, long strife,
And now the umpire may obtain
Insurance on his life.

—*Boston Courier*.

Roll of Honor.

[The following list includes the names of those students whose conduct during the past week has given entire satisfaction to the Faculty.]

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

M. Akin, F. Ashton, T. Becerra, E. Britt, Jno. Brown, P. Brownson, P. Burke, C. Bowles, F. Baca, H. Barnes, C. Bush, E. Byrne, M. Colina, S. Chaves, M. Crane, J. Cusack, F. Combe, W. Cartier, E. Coady, G. Cooper, G. Crilly, S. Craft, J. Cullen, C. Devlin, W. Dorsey, S. Dorsey, J. Dougherty, M. Dore, G. Deary, E. Dillon, G. Dreever, D. Dwyer, T. Dierdorff, C. Eyanson, A. Ensor, J. Ford, F. Fehr, L. Greever, J. Gallardo, J. Geisler, A. Gibbs, V. Green, T. Griffin, G. Houck, F. Hinchman, S. Hummer, C. Hagerty, J. Judie, F. Jewett, T. Jordan, W. Jeffs, J. Kleiber, S. Kendall, F. Kreutzer, J. Kelly, J. Langan, J. Lyons, H. Langan, G. Lais, A. Leonard, A. McGinley, L. Mohan, T. McDermott, A. Major, McDonald, F. McErlain, B. McAllister, J. McDermott, J. Murphy, G. W. Mallay, W. Moffatt, M. Mulhern, S. McSweeney, L. Maher, G. Myers, P. Newell, C. Neill,* R. Newton, P. Nelson, C. Nancolas, J. O'Mally, D. O'Connor, W. O'Rourke, T. O'Regan, W. O'Connell, L. O'Malley, V. Padilla, P. Prudhomme, E. Prudhomme, P. Paschel, F. Prichard, C. Rheinberger, H. Rothert, R. Ramirez, R. Raynor, D. Regan, W. Rochford, H. Ruger, F. Suing, W. Sullivan, O. Sullivan, G. Sullivan, C. Shields, C. Stubbs, F. Shannon, A. Triplett, R. Valasco, H. Vandercar, H. Werst, A. Williams, J. Wagoner, W. Williams, D. Barrett, J. Whalen, G. Archambeault, A. Akin, W. Bingham, E. Benner, L. Bolton, W. Castleman, W. Crowley, J. Crowley, G. Cartier, C. Combe, E. Egan, A. Finck, C. Galarneau, A. Gordon, E. Hiner, E. Jeffs, J. Ley, A. Larkin, W. Lally, W. Luhn, D. Latshaw, H. Long, G. Morrison,* F. McDonald, P. Martineau, H. McKlveen, R. McGinnis, A. McFarland, V. Morrison, W. McNamara, J. Maher, F. Neff, J. O'Donnell, G. O'Kane, J. Prudhomme, T. Poole, T. Pender, E. Ryan, D. Quill, F. Rodriguez, J. Rudd, F. Rielly, W. Stattman, H. Smith, F. Soden, B. Taylor, C. Voorhees, F. Weber.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

E. Adelsperger, A. Adams, W. Austin, Bacigalupo, J. Burns, H. Bronson, R. Bronson, E. Blessington, E. Bodley, C. Badger, I. Bunker, W. Bell, W. Bailey, Bull, G. Brabrook, W. Boland, H. Boland, Black, F. Baca, S. Campbell, E. Campbell, J. Clarke, B. Clarke, Cleveland, F. Carney, C. Cavanaugh, W. Clifford, F. Cobbs, Coad,* L. Chute, F. Chute, W. Curtis, D. Cartier, G. Cooke, Darragh, A. Duffield, F. Duffield, Dungan, W. Devine, Draper, Dempsey, E. Ewing, S. Fitzharris, M. Falter, J. Flynn, F. Flynn, Figge, T. Flood, J. Fisher, T. Goebel, F. Garber, Glenn, L. Hoffman, J. Henry, W. Henry P. Houlihan, Hurd, T. Hake, A. Hake, E. Hannin, J. Hayes, Hampton, Higgins, Inks, H. Jewett, Joyce, N. Jacobs, E. Kerlin, F. Konzen, W. Konzen, J. Katz, W. Kern, F. Kellner, Kutsche, J. Keating, F. Long, H. Lesh, G. Landenwich, Morrison, McNulty, T. Mahon, D. McKendry,* Moncada, W. McKenzie, M. McCart, E. Mathewson, J. McMahon, J. McCormick, H. Mallay, McGurk, L. Macatee, McPhee, J. Mulburger, L. Monarch, Meehan, T. Noud, R. Nations, S. Nussbaum, O'Kane, J. O'Connor, Oxnard, J. Ormond, W. O'Brien, J. Pfau, L. Paquette, C. Paquette, L. Preston, Power, J. W. Quealy, H. Roper, C. Ramsey, A. Rudd, M. Reynolds, M. Smith, P. Sweet, J. Stephens, B. Stephens, N. Smith, F. Smith, C. Senn, C. Spencer, F. Taliaferro, D. Tewksbury, Tarrant, Tionen, H. Vhay, L. West, J. Warner, F. Wilbanks, L. White, P. Wagoner, Walker, Welch, Walsh.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

W. Ackerman, R. Boyd, C. Boettcher, F. Bloomhuff, H. Backrack, A. Backrack, S. Backrack, L. Black, M. Blumenthal, R. Clendenin, F. Crotty, W. Connor, C. Connor, E. Cook, E. Connors, J. Connors, A. Cohn, L. Doss, Jas. Dungan, L. Dempsey, J. Dempsey, J. Dungan, C. Dahler, E. Foote, T. Falvey, E. Falvey, E. Falvey, G. Franche, C. Franche, C. Grant, G. Gale, R. Graham, E. Garber, O. Griffin, O. Haney, E. Hillas, J. Huiskamp, Huiskamp, E. Jewett, W. Kutsche, T. Kerwin, C. Koester, P. Keefe, J. Kain, G. Klaner, M. Lewin, R. Lane, M. Lowenstein, J. McIntosh, S. McGuire, W. McDonnell, W. Martin, A.

Mason, Aug. Morgenweck, A. Mayer, A. Morgenweck, F. Mainzer, C. Mooney, H. Mooney, G. Mayer, C. McPhee, R. Munro, A. Nester, J. O'Mara, J. O'Neill, W. Prior, L. Paul, C. Priestly, D. Quill, L. Riordan, W. Rowsey, F. Rogers, L. Stone, E. Savage, A. Sullivan, G. Sweet, S. Steele, F. Smith, F. Toolen, B. Triplett, Fred Toolen, H. Tillenburg, C. Taft, T. Tomkins, A. Williamson, W. Williamson, S. Witkowsky, A. Wickler.

* Omitted last week by mistake.

Class Honors.

[In the following list may be found the names of those students who have given entire satisfaction in all their classes during the month past.]

COMMERCIAL COURSE.

Messrs. McKendry, Bunker, Blessington, W. Konzen, F. Konzen, Austin, Senn, Clifford, O'Brien, Hayes, Mulburger, Preston, Cook Dore, Eyanson, Hinchman, Padilla, O. Sullivan, Werst, Deary, Moffatt, Judie, O'Connor, Neff, Bowles, Coady, Luhn, Jordon, Vandercar.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

F. Crotty, C. Mooney, J. McIntosh, W. Martin, W. Rowsey, R. Graham, E. Jewett, A. Williamson, F. Falvey, R. Munro, J. Connors, J. D. O'Mara, R. Boyd, C. Koester, F. Rogers, C. Boettcher, A. Nester, W. McDonnell, S. Doss, D. Quill, G. Sweet, E. Connors, M. Blumenthal, F. Smith, F. Toolen, A. Backrack, E. Falvey, H. Mooney, J. Dempsey, C. Connor, S. Backrack, R. Lane, J. Kain, G. Mayer, C. Taft.

List of Excellence.

[The students mentioned in this list are those who have been the best in the classes of the courses named—according to the competitions, which are held monthly.—DIRECTOR OF STUDIES.]

PREPARATORY COURSE.

Latin—H. Prichard, S. Kendall, C. Hagerty, T. McDermott; Greek—P. Burke, J. Burns, C. Neill, P. Wagoner; Algebra—W. McPhee, C. Neill, W. Crowley, D. McKendry, W. Moffatt, G. Morrison, M. O'Kane, P. Paschel, T. McDermott; Arithmetic—J. Cooney, R. Nations, R. R. Stephens, C. Paquette, F. Duffield, E. Burns, J. Moncada, J. Carney, C. Roper, C. Badger, L. Hoffman; Grammar—L. Dunning, F. Cobb, B. Stephens, W. McCormick, P. Houlihan, F. Duffield, P. Dungan, L. Macatee, H. Bronson, E. Campbell, R. Bronson, P. Sweet, F. Wilbanks, F. F. Rodriguez, S. Hummer, J. Ley, W. Sullivan, D. O'Connor; Geography—P. Roper, G. Landenwich, W. O'Brien; United States History—B. Stephens, G. Landenwich, W. Boland, C. Badger; Reading—J. Badger, E. Burns, F. Garber, H. Mallay, P. Houlihan; Orthography—P. Houlihan, A. Galarneau, J. Duffield, F. Carney; Catechism—H. Houston, A. Joyce, A. Hake, W. O'Brien, W. Boland, C. Paquette, J. Noud, N. Jacobs, J. Clarke, W. Walsh, W. Kern, P. Houlihan, J. Ormond, J. Duffield, L. Hoffman, J. Flynn, H. Figge, J. Quealy.

COMMERCIAL COURSE.

Book-Keeping—I. Bunker, W. Austin, F. Becerra, F. Combe, G. Deary, M. Dore, F. Hinchman, T. Jordan, F. Kreutzer, J. Lyons, H. Mulburger, D. O'Connor, D. Quill, O. Sullivan, W. Williams; Arithmetic—O. Sullivan, J. Eyanson, W. Konzen, I. Bunker; Geography—A. Leonard, C. Hurd, T. Cobbs, C. Ramsey, P. Sweet; United States History—F. Kreutzer, S. Campbell, A. Joyce, E. Campbell, H. Houston, J. C. Flynn, C. Hurd, J. McIntosh, J. Hayes, F. Cobbs, F. Tionen, P. Sweet; Reading—C. Cavanaugh, W. Clifford, F. G. Cobbs, H. Bronson; Orthography—J. Hayes, C. Cavanaugh, W. Clifford, C. Paquette, D. Tewksbury, J. Keating, V. Padilla; Penmanship—J. Dougherty, F. Rodriguez, W. E. Sullivan, E. Colina, F. Kreutzer, W. Clifford, D. Stephens, J. Moncada, N. Smith, H. Boland; Grammar—E. Adams, W. Clifford, M. Dore, W. Akin, T. Martineau, C. Shields.

Saint Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—At the regular Academic reunion Miss Angela Donnelly—fortunate namesake of the author whom she interpreted—read the “Golden Psalm,” and Miss Wolvin read the account given in last week’s SCHOLASTIC of the crowns taken from the Church of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart on the 6th inst.

—Those who drew for the Roman mosaic cross worn as the reward of faultless conduct, are the Misses T. Balch, E. Blaine, Boyer, Campbell, L. Griffith, Hake, Hinz, Hull, O. Knauer, Koester, Leonard, McDonnell, Morse, L. Nester, C. Prudhomme, Rhodes and Steele. Laura Griffith drew the fortunate letter.

—The programme of the feast of Very Rev. Father General is given below. The account will appear next week.

FEAST OF ST. EDWARD.

Entrance..... Kaiser March
Misses Rend and Guise.
Greeting Chorus..... Vocal Class
English Address..... Miss Dillon
Vocal Duett—(Come to the Woods)..... Alary
Misses R. and V. Henrich.
French Address..... Miss Murphy
German Address..... Miss Horn
Canto—Thème de Rode..... L. Moreau
Miss M. F. Murphy.
Address from Juniors and Minims.....
Misses T. Balch, Stumer, Steele, and Schmauss; Blaine,
Lindsey and Caddagan.

BLANCHE OF CASTILE.

[An Original Drama in three Acts.]

Prologue..... Miss Horn
Queen Blanche of Castile..... Miss Williams
Queen Margaret of France..... Miss Donnelly
Princess Isabella (Sister of St. Louis)..... Miss Clifford
Princess Yoland (Wife of Robert Earl of Astois)
..... Miss Hertzog
Princess Johanna (Wife of Alphonsus, Earl of Auvergne)
..... Miss Allnoch
Princess Beatrice (Wife of Charles of Anjou and Main)
..... Miss Stadler
Countess Constantia of Brittany..... Miss Horn
Countess Isabel of Marche..... Miss St. Clair
Sister Clare..... Miss Fuller
Sister Francesca..... Miss L. Meehan
Sister Madelein..... Miss Gordon
Inez (Tartar Princess)..... Miss Wolvin
Benice (Tartar Princess)..... Miss Dillon
Fleda Zain (A Distracted Peasant)..... Miss Clendenen
Fausta (Little Daughter of Fleda)..... Miss Caddagan

ACT I.—Scene III.

Characteristique Polonaise..... Nicodé
Miss Horn.

SCENE IV.

Quartette—Semiramide..... Rossini
Misses M. F. Murphy, A. English, R. and V. Henrich.

ACT II.—Scene I.

Italy..... M. Moszkowski
Miss Shephard.

SCENE III.

At the Spring..... Joseffy
Miss Shephard.

ACT III.—Scene III.

The Echo—Swiss Chorus..... Vocal Class
Closing Remarks.....
Retiring March..... Misses Wolvin and Snowhook

The Power of a Word.

A single word! How lightly often it is spoken! Trivial it may seem; but a breath, a whisper, a gentle tone heard for an instant and then silent forever; a few written characters; a name that may be erased in a moment, and yet so slight a thing as this appears may involve the happiness or misery of millions. Upon a single word has hung the fate of nations; not once alone, but times without number. We may go even farther and say that the existence of the human race and of all the vast creation depended upon a Word—the infinite expression of Omnipotent decrees.

Over the vast chaos fell one word—“Let light be”—and light was. The Word of God! How immeasurably powerful, how incomprehensible to our meagre understanding! Never could human or angelic speech compare with this sublimely potent utterance, and yet an angel’s word once acquired such a fatal strength, defiant of that utterance, that the celestial anthems were hushed and the harmony of the universe was broken. Lucifer, brightest of the heavenly hosts, said: “I will not obey,” and, with his legions, was in an instant hurled from realms of light into eternal darkness.

The Voice of Omnipotence is once more resounding over space. “Let us make man to our image and likeness,” and by the power of this Word, the Garden of Eden, so beautiful, so fruitful, is inhabited by intelligent and sinless beings. Happy in their innocence they dwell until, alas! a direful word is spoken. “Thou shalt not surely die,” said the envious tempter. The fatal assertion was believed; the divine mandate was disobeyed, and until the consummation of the world countless children of ungrateful Eve will bear the punishment entailed upon mankind by her compliance with Satan’s artful scheme for her destruction.

Again and again is the sorrowful drama rehearsed. Edens of innocence are invaded; falsehood is accepted instead of truth, and the penalty is paid in remorse. Our lives are an unceasing contest with the deceptions, and prevarications which took their rise in that unhappy hour when the mockery of truth was accepted for the first time on earth, and truth itself was despised. On the other hand, we hear a voice which is to antidote all the malice of the tempter. It is Our Blessed Lady’s. “Be it done unto me according to Thy Word!” she said. Oh! how the face of earth and of the wide universe was changed! What happy consequences accrued from that one word! The envy of Satan was frustrated: the disobedience of Eve was ten thousand times atoned for; the curse was removed from the race, and the gates of heaven, so long closed upon man, were opened once more; for by that fiat “The Word was made flesh, and dwelt amongst us.”

“In this Sign conquer!” A word graven by the finger of Unchanging Light upon a cross, high in the heaven’s, drew the attention of Constantine

the Great on the eve of battle. Accepting the wonderful appearance as a direct command from Heaven, the great emperor exchanged the Roman Standard for the Labarum. "In this Sign Conquer!" was the motto by which his troops, inspired with more than mortal courage, gained the ever-memorable victory over Maxentius, which changed the face of the world, and Christianity was triumphant. This is the word which our *Alma Mater* gives as her last charge to those who leave her peaceful shelter to engage in the contest of life—her precious reminder that if we are always true to Holy Cross, victory supreme shall crown us in the end.

An unopened book was resting on a stand near the place where a group of dissipated young men were engaged in conversation. A word was spoken by an interior voice: "Take and read!" said the voice. The most intellectual of the group obeyed. He opened the book, and read that which led ultimately to his own conversion; and Augustine, the skeptical, sinful man of the world, became the great Doctor of the Church—Augustine, the saint of God. Little did his illustrious mother, St. Monica, dream of the apparently simple means which Heaven would employ to render the prayers and sufferings offered for her wayward son effectual in the end. "The child of so many tears cannot be lost," said the great St. Ambrose. It was but a word, yet it gave new courage to the earnest heart of the Christian mother, and St. Monica ceased not her supplications till they were answered.

"Forward!" The command is given in an instant, and yet it is the signal at which millions have gone forth to seal their patriotism by the sacrifice of their lives. Soldiers in their glittering attire stand with swords in their scabbards until this word rings on the air; then, brandishing their naked blades, they rush upon the foe to sacrifice their lives for their beloved country. "Halt!" cries the commander, and the impetuous battalions are transformed into an army as motionless as if carved in stone. See the power of a word to sway the wills of a multitude.

But one word—the name of the Governor—appended to a sentence or a reprieve, may crush or raise the hopes; may compass the misery or the happiness of thousands. A signature gives value to the legal document; to the draft; to the passport; renders that which without it was void and useless of almost priceless value. But above all that we have urged stands the declaration: "for every idle word that man shall speak he shall render an account in the Day of Judgment!" In view of this momentous truth, how carefully should we prune our words and guard our thoughts! If our account stands faultless, and our utterances have been ever free from levity or guile, we shall be happy. Thus we shall fulfil the law of Him who, when this life has ended and eternity has begun, will reveal unto His faithful ones, in a superhuman measure, the marvellous beauty and power of the Word Incarnate.

MARY T. DILLON (Class '87.)

Roll of Honor.

FOR POLITENESS, NEATNESS, ORDER, AMIABILITY, CORRECT DEPORTMENT, AND EXACT OBSERVANCE OF ACADEMIC RULES.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Par Excellence—Misses Allnoch, Brady, Blair, Bates, Brophy, Burke, Blacklock, Beschameng, Blakeslee, Clendenen, F. Curtis, M. Curtis, E. Coll, Carmien, Coglin, Donnelly, Dart, E. Dempsey, C. Dempsey, E. Dunkin, M. Dunkin, Davison, Egan, Ewing, Foin, Flannery, Griffith, Gordon, Guise, Gavan, Griffin, Horn, Hummer, Heckard, Hertzog, Harlem, Henrichs, Hodges, Henke, Hutchinson, L. Hutchinson, Johnson, Kearsy, Kearney, Kearns, Kingsbury, Larkin, M. F. Murphy, McHale, H. Miner, Meehan, N. Meehan, M. McNamara, C. McNamara, Marsh, McDonald, McCormic, Moore, McCarthy, Nester, Patrick, Riedinger, Rend, Regan, Scully, St. Clair, Stadtler, Shields, R. Smith, M. Smith, Sherman, Swegman, Stafford, Trask, Triplett, Williams, G. Wynn, F. Wynn, Wehr, Wimmer, Zahm.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Par Excellence—Misses T. Balch, Beaubien, E. Blaine, Boyer, Bragdon, Bruns, Campbell, Cook, Crane, M. Coll, E. Dempsey, Fritz, L. Griffith, Hake, Hinz, Hull, Hunting, Knauer, Koester, Leonard, Lindsey, McDonnell, Morse, Nester, Prudhomme, Paul, Rhodes, Steele.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Par Excellence—Misses M. Becker, I. Becker, L. Caddagan, B. McCormick, E. Qualey, A. O'Mara, J. Wallace.

ART DEPARTMENT.

HONORABLY MENTIONED.

DRAWING FROM THE CAST.

1ST CLASS, ADVANCED COURSE—Miss Ewing.
2D CLASS—Misses Duffield, Kingsbury, Brophy.
2D CLASS, 2D DIV.—Miss Morse.

ELEMENTARY PERSPECTIVE.

3D CLASS—Misses Kennedy, Triplett, Zahm, Steele, Beaubien, Pierson, Hanke, Marsh, Davison, Schmauss, Hurd, Hull.

PAINTING IN WATER-COLORS.

Miss Mason.

PAINTING ON CHINA.

Miss Williams.

OIL-PAINTING.

Misses Foin, Kearney, Egan, Scully, Stadtler, Gordon, McHale, H. Nester, L. Nester, Coll, Stafford, Koester, Bragdon, N. Meehan, Larkin.

GENERAL DRAWING.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses M. Dunkin, N. Dunkin, Hodges, Lingle, L. Meehan, Moore, McCormack, Patrick, Proby, Miner, Smith, Sherman, M. Curtis, F. Curtis, C. Gavan, G. McDonnell, Swegman.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses T. Hinz, C. Cook, M. Campbell, M. Mason, L. Nester, M. Paul, T. Haney, B. McCormick, J. Wallace, I. Becker, H. Rhodes, A. Schmauss, E. Knann, A. O'Mara, A. Crane, N. Morse, J. Beaubien, E. Blaine, L. Smith, M. Hunting, A. McDonnell, M. Hull, L. M. Fritz, H. Hake, L. Koester, L. Bruns, L. Leonard, W. Quill, S. Dempsey, M. Coll, L. Caddagan, M. Kennedy, M. Becker.

PLAIN SEWING.

Misses M. Thompson, J. Lingle, M. Larkin, F. Curtis, C. Proby.

ANTIQUÉ LACE, FANCY AND DECORATIVE WORK.

Misses M. Hummer, A. Egan, N. Larkin, A. Riedinger, M. Patrick, A. Gordon, I. Bub, G. Weiher, Beschameng, F. Curtis, E. Zahm, E. Morse, L. Henke, K. McNamara, Allnoch, B. Desenburg, Thompson, M. Stafford, E. Blaine, McDonnell, A. McDonald, M. Dunkin, E. Dunkin, C. Griffin, A. Schmauss, O. Knauer, L. Leonard, Campbell, A. Kennedy, C. Proby, C. Triplett, E. Harlem, C. Prudhomme, M. Curtis, R. Stern, F. Moore, H. Rhodes, M. Sherman, L. Simpson.